

R. Johnson (11)

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A N

E S A Y

O N

E D U C A T I O N.

A

P O E M.

In two Parts.

I. THE PEDANT.

II. THE PRECEPTOR.

Price two Shillings and Sixpence.

Εἰς δ' οὐχ ἁπλῶς τὸ πρᾶγμα, ἀλλ' (ὡς ἀπὸ καλῶν ῥημάτων) ἡ παραστάσις, ἡ δημιουργημάτων ἀποτυπωσις Longinus. l. 13. 88:

S H R E W S B U R Y:

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A vertical strip of a document page. On the left edge, there is a ruler with markings. The main body of the page is covered by a large, dark, irregular stain, possibly ink or a smudge, which obscures any text that might have been there. The paper appears aged and textured.

MA

(To)

CHARLTON LEIGHTON Esq;

S I R

THE education of Youth is a matter of such interesting concern in the opinion of every worthy member of society, that the least attempt to advance its utility will, I am persuaded, apologize to You for this liberty.

My real motive I must own to be a selfish one; as I am not without hope, that this essay will, under the protection of your name, meet with particular indulgence from the publick; like many a piece of coin, which although it be confessedly defective in value, is yet allowed to pass current on account of the impression, which it bears.

The *contour*, which is exhibited in the former part of this piece, is so extremely disgusting, that many may perhaps think it unnatural, and for my own part I sincerely wish it may be found so; since I had much rather be sentenced as a bad writer, than that human nature should be dishonoured by such

injuriously

injurious characters. As to its amiable reverse, I confess myself unequal to the subject; however, I shall think myself very happy, if I have been fortunate enough in so imperfect a drawing to hit on a single feature, which from your favourable opinion may derive the merit of resembling in some degree that worthy Gentleman; to whom, next to nature, You will acknowledge yourself indebted for the foundation of so many accomplishments,

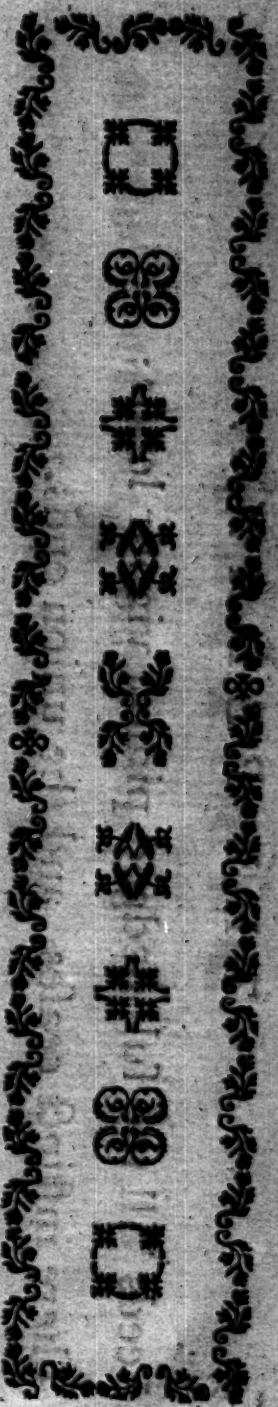
I am, Sir, with sincere esteem

Your most obedient

humble Servant

S. JOHNSON.

SALOP, September 30th, 1771.



P A R T I.

P E D A N T.

Hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagellis.

Juv. Sat. 7, 209.

TH A T instinct's impulse reason's ills supplies,

Appears in all that swims, that creeps, or flies;

From huge *Leviathan*, that heaves the deep, lively & no more

To the small shell-fish in its life of sleep; nor of slumber less for a

From the proud eagle soaring to the sun, (crashing down) nor for a

Down to the reptile that we tread upon; nor for a worm yd. can w

Of with such justness, such sagacity does it move? behold! what

It works, as reasoning Man should blush to see. *illu. p. 209.*

* The parent-bird sustains her callow brood,
Defends from insult, and supplies with food;

B

Feeds

* *Omnia animalia sobolem procreant, seculum educant, sese descendant, idq. ex lege materice indita.* Grot. de Jur. Gent. 4. s. 42.

THE PEDANT.

Feeds 'till the full-fledged pinion vigour lends;
There instinct ceases, and the union ends.

But Man's more feeble race the guardian-fire's
Protecting hand a longer term requires;
Asks, 'till the swelling muscle, branching vein,
Take their full growth, and manhood's texture gain::
Long time advice is needful, youth's rash fight
Too prone to wrong, too oft eschews the right::
Unnumbered ills arise from passion, pride,
Ill-grounded hopes, and talents misapplied.

Hear me, ye Mothers, who, your wishes crowned,
Smile on a playful progeny around;
And feel (while to your throbbing hearts ye strain
The little prattlers) pleasure next to pain:
Who, by maternal tenderness extreme
Transported, revel in each future scheme:
Schemes, with such depth of penetration planned,
Impossibilities in vain withstand:
Who, managing the stubborn hand of fate,
Make them with ease (no matter how) be great.

THE PEDANT.

3

Be ruled, ye Fathers, whose intemperate joy
All blindly centres in some booby boy,
Whose stupid Features duteously effaced
A rude suspicion if *Mamma* were chaste;
Whom, long ago predestined to the church,
Your tenderness consigns for years to birch;
Preferment's ladder with delight look up,
And hope to see him scramble to the top;
Think ere you act----Consider well your son,
Nor if he be a blockhead blush to own:
His sinewy limbs perhaps, or simple mind
* Nature for other purposes designed:
That pedant prejudice, that rustick pride
To genuine dulness ever close allied,
Which might with elegance the furrow trace,
Would shame the pulpit, and the priest disgrace.

Throughout mankind what numbers may we see
Cursing their parent's partiality,
Gifted with nerves the manly ax to wield,
Or brave the fury of the foughten field;

B 2

Who

* *Voulez-vous toujours être bien guidé? Suivez toujours les indications de la Nature.*
Roussau. *Emil.* 2; 12.

THE PEDANT.

Who might have flourished, or have fallen like men,
Starved by the pencil, famished by the pen.

Yon porter, tottering with a load too big,

Solemn had stepped in physick's folio-wig;

Galen, his soft mufF dangling on his wrist,

Had seen a *Broughton* dread his massy fist.

The wretch, whose bloody business is to kill,

Whom habit cannot harden to her will,

Who cannot, what some knaves from nature can,

Put on the savage, and put off the man;

Whose hand ne'er gave a stab, but that his heart

Bled with the wound, and shared the dying smart;

Had fate so willed, among the cross-legged tribes

Had shone, and 'scaped his brother butcher's gibe;

A needle might have waved with graceful ease,

And stabbed a louse as brave as *Hercules*.

Yon effenced youth, all delicate in arms,

Who *can't for's life conceive* those mighty charms

In gaping gashes; whose half frozen blood

At honour's voice ne'er rolled the rapid flood;

Who

THE PEEDANT.

5

Who faints at powder, and when cannons roar,
Dies of the qualm, that S*****E died before;
Hates *harrid* drums, and *screening* fifes, which tear
The tender texture of a well-tuned ear;
Who dreads the drawn sword, might have drawn a glove:
On some soft hand; have tweedled notes of love
To some soft ear; have spanned to a nicety
My Lady's foot; or frizzled her *toupet*.

Lift then, oh lift, ye fools, to * Nature's voice!
Thwart not her dictates, but indulge her choice!
She plainly shews you where her bias leans,
And, for the end she aims at, yields the means:
Be not less rational than brutes, whose young
Receive what culture doth to brutes belong.

Had Nature been obeyed, what splendid shoals
Of purse-proud coxcombs, and exalted fools,
Whose steps, those hell-hounds, dulness, and disgrace:
Have followed close behind from place to place,
Pension to pension, rising as they rose.
Only their faults or follies to expose;

* *Lex a Creatore indita non materiæ, sed animis, cujus præceptis creaturæ animo præcæle
objequium præstant.* Grot. de Jur. Gent. 4. s. 42.

Their names ungored, their characters obscure,
Had slept in blissful ignorance secure.

Full many a bard, had *Nature been obeyed*,
Who muse-led strays, or dreams that he hath strayed
Along the sacred hill, in happy hour
To cull each simple, and collect each flower,
Spurred on by need, or roused by self defence,
Betrays (like me) a barrenness of sense

In turning couplets, and adapting rhymes
To softest measures, and to sweetest chimes;
With happier art had learned to tag together
Remnants of paper, packthread, scraps of leather,
Eating his bread in peace, which now in vain
To earn he tortureth his labouring brain.

Nature obeyed, our mighty modern great,
Our Caledonian *Atlases* of state
Had left the realm a load for abler backs,
And clapped their clumsy shoulders to their packs.

Had Nature been obeyed, some abject slave,
In whom a lash had disciplined the knave,

Each

THE PEDANT.

7

Each paltry *Pedagogue* were bred, nor known,
To bring dishonour on the sacred gown.
A servile race they are, compelled by need,
Or such as hopes of golden harvests lead;
Inferior to the task they undertake,
No motive but for * filthy lucre's sake;
Like other unskilful husbandmen they toil
Oftener to mar than meliorate the soil;
Bad as they be, the worst among the worse
Can find employ from each penurious purse;
Low rates for want of merit make amends;
And a small stipend strongly recommends.

Is it not strange, that those, whom wealth and place
Have given preheminance above their race,
Oft spare no cost upon their grooms and hounds?
Or cultivate with greater care their grounds
Than their own proper offspring; see a son
Through mere neglect to certain ruin run:
Who, for the lad is cheaply taught and fed,
Choofe he should be in native dulness bred.

But

* *Αὐτὴ τῆς κομματοῦν ἐστὶ τῆς πύτης. Sappho.*

But lo! on fashion's well constructed plan
 To form the finished monkey, mar the man,
 Two Tutors fetched from *France* our manners mock;
 This takes my young Lord's heels, that trims his block;
 Head he has none, none needs, *Mamma* ordains
 His skull be garnished, undisturbed his brains;
 With such Preceptors---Hence, ye trumpery arts
 And sciences avault! the lad has parts;
 Before he quits the go-cart jabbers french;
 Before he quits the nursery learns to wench.
 Warm from the nest he flies full-fledged, and strong,
 To make the tour of *Europe*, and ere long
 His gold, his health, and baubles such as these
 Changed for french toys, french vice, and french disease;
 In love with foreign countries tho' unknown,
 And scorning from his soul his booby own,
 Returns *tout degagé*, to court takes wing
 To teach (God save his Majesty!) the K---g.

These are the *MORÉS*, the *HOWARDS* of the age,
 Stars of first magnitude in history's page;
 Ah no! to folly as to merit true,
 History will give each noble knave his due.

THE PEDANT.

9

Sir HARRY, wondering at this strange expence,
 Buys for his son a cheaper kind of sense;
 Nobly employs his thousands every year
 On the worst stud of horses far and near;
 Traces their various pedigrees and breed,
 And to a second calculates their speed;
 In rapture descants on their blood, their bone;
 Honours their grandfires far beyond his own;
 But prudently consigns his only heir
 To some dull mercenary Pedant's care,
 Whom nobly he endows with * half per ann,
 He paid his jockey the last race he ran,
 Strange as it is, such instances are found,
 Tho' Westminster and Eton keep their ground;
 Tho' art with labour join, tho' FOSTER'S name
 Lead on young genius to the field of fame:
 Untaught, unfit to teach, they take the reins,
 Which nature for a parent's hand ordains,
 Or such, as gifted with each finer art,
 Join to a master's head a parent's heart.

C

Search

* et cum se vertit annus,
 Accipe victori populus quod postulat aurum. Juv. sat. 7. 242.

Search where you will, absorbed in pride and sloth, *It is*
 Are found these vermin of pernicious growth;
 In each mean hamlet, where dame Charity
 Hangs out her pious couplets to the eye: *It is*

* GOD PROSPER, AND PROLONG THIS PUBLIC GOOD,
 A SCHOOL ERECTED, WHERE A CHAPEL STOOD.
 There, wrapt in awkward state, these † Pedants sit,
 Consummate oracles of taste and wit;
 Vague latin scraps, in sound in sense absurd,
 Filched from old *Syntax*, dignify each word;
 While gaping clowns gaze on such *larned* men;
 And parish-clerks devoutly roar *Amen*:
 Then if some bishop's sacred touch ordain
 From *rostrum* to display their lack of brain;
 Straight you may see their shallow pride assume
 A more important air, a more mysterious gloom.

Look into life----Take any one you have seen;
 A pulpit-drone of proud pedantick mien,

Man

* NESS-CLIFF, Shropshire.

† *Un homme plein de lui même, qui avec un médiocre savoir décide hardiment de toutes choses:*
 Boileau 3. 195.

T H E P E D A N T.

41

Man to insult, and shew her utmost power
Him Folly fashioned in some whim-struck hour
With all which her fantastick art bestows
To give disgust to friends, delight to foes:
Him Folly fashioned, and when finished, smiled
So like herself to view so fine a child;
With rapture read each feature of his face,
Delightful prefaces of future grace:
Low thoughts, low deeds, mean pride, and meaner guile
Lurking beneath a sneaking sneering smile;
A smile which self approving, self approved,
Marks, ever marks dame Folly's best beloved:
Far from the barren mansion of his breast
She banished every softer gentler guest;
Ordered that happiness on no pretence
Should dare intrude, led there by innocence;
And left her beauteous handiwork to stain
Some touch of weak humanity remain,
His heart enveloped in a double coat,
Proof against misery's pathetick note;
Then from the brute-creation culled with care
Such gifts, as brutes themselves might better spare,

Without affection the dog's servile eye;
The ram's thick pate without his dignity;
Without his honest heart the calf's address;
The hog's sweet temper, all his cleanliness;
Without his plumes the peacock's haughty stride;
The mole's low craft, which, meaning most to hide,
Betrays itself the most; which rooting goes,
Sight out of use, directed by the nose.
These well selected, for they well agree,
She joined, *O Pedant*, and accomplished thee:
But fearing (idly fearing) as she wrought,
Lest such brave qualities should come to nought,
Prevailed on fortune to adopt the rogue,
And stamp upon his forehead *Pedagogue*:
With nod majestick, and with tyrant-frown
She wrapt in consequence his leaden crown
To strike the younger dunce with speechless awe,
And make him long to change his talk for law.

"Now go, my Son," said she, "with every gift
That can stupidity to honour lift;

That

THE PEDANT.

43

- “ That can give lustre to a son of birch,
“ And raise thy reverend dulness in the church;
“ Slave to no virtue, be by interest led,
“ So shall preferment raise thy low-born head;
“ Despised no more—the curate’s tattered gown
“ No more shall half conceal the native clown;
“ For with advancement elegance begins,
“ And gold can hide a multitude of sins:
“ Go, prosper then, but first, what I advise,
“ Regard with reverence, for *my words are wise*.
“ Be fraud thy practice, and thy study guile,
“ Thine excellence to dress them in a smile;
“ Never confer a favour, and for those
“ Which blind good-nature on thyself bestows,
“ Make no return, unless thine eye explore
“ A certain prospect of receiving more;
“ Then lick the dust—then crook the supple knee,
“ Out-act the Spaniel in servility:
“ I need not bid thee trample on distress;
“ That oft shall give thee pleasure to excel:

“ Be

“ Be blunt, not honest; be discreet, not good; be proud, without learning; without wit, be rude; thus shalt thou flourish, and in time shall be
“ A thorn to others, but a rose to me;
“ Now, blessing thee, my dear son, I dismiss: ”
He bowed, obeyed, and grew the *Wretch* he is.

How much unlike that truly reverend train,
Unwarped by pleasure, unseduced by gain,
Who, from the path, they pointed out, ne’er erred,
The hand still urging what the lip averred;
Who ’midst temptation have unshaken trod,
A light to Man, a glory to their God.

Oh, might I catch from them one sacred ray,
To dignify mine else unheeded lay!
Might my rash hand, regardless of the mine,
With happy boldness strike the expressive line,
Content to draw, presuming not to praise,
One finished character, it cannot raise;
Where science to religion lustre gives,
And speculation, what it teaches, lives;

In her own colours virtue should be dress'd;
Such as exalt the man, adorn the priest;
Envy might snarl, but envy's self should see
And blushing own---BENEFICUS is he.

Reluctant now, for who with pleasure can
Survey those blots that mar the map of man;
See tyrants, tho' in miniature, controul
A part, as they would like to rule the whole:
That portion of discernment, to the lot
Of dulness given, unthankfully forgot;
Oh, better far, beneath these scenes of strife
To float mere bubbles down the stream of life;
Shapes without sense, unanimated clay,
Darkness unpierced by reason's heavenly ray;
Than stare almighty wisdom in the face,
And measure back his bounties with disgrace.

Reluctant, tho' truth leads, we step aside
To take a nearer view of pedant-pride;
That shoulder's shrug, that dark contracted brow
Shew, plainly shew, his mind is God knows how;

Musing

Musing on God knows what, yet what to know,
Delights not God above, nor profits Man below,

See innocence arraigned before his throne
For some slight error of the brain alone,

Half dead with shame, abashed, appalled he stands;

Grief drowns his voice, while terror lifts his hands:

What eyes but see his anguish, hearts but feel

Each *Pedant* knows, but knows them hearts of steel.

Lo, on his knees the little suppliant falls,

In piercing cries for mercy, mercy calls!

Oh, hear him, hear him, and for *once* receive,

Once taste that heavenly pleasure to forgive!

"No, let him smart" replies the unfeeling clod,

"*He spoils the child, who spares to use the rod.*"

Oh, maxim ill applied!—turn there thy scourge,

Where wanton mischief doth on outrage verge;

Where base corruption sows her fatal seeds;

And faulty nature nourishes the weeds:

There mayest thou glut thy brutal lust of blood;

There—yet remember that boys are not wood;

They

They feel a pang, thy soul would shrink to bear,
When from their limbs their tender skin you tear!
Stop then, barbarian! stay thy savage hand!
Try what will precept do---try what command,
Or mild persuasion's voice,---the generous soul
Persuasion often wins, that spurns controul.
As well preach pity to the winds, as well
Seek favour from a friend, seek peace in hell;
Nor sighs, nor tears, nor sobbing prayers avail;
Nor all the tortures of the tingling tail.
Art thou a man? No, no, it cannot be,
Tigers and wolves have more humanity.

Fell DISCIPLINE pursues his bloody course,
Till the relaxing nerve denies its force:
Breathless, fatigued, he still seems loth to spare;
Heavens, 'tis too much for flesh and blood to bear!
Hence, caitiff, hence, thou scorpion to my sight!
To realms of death, to dungeons take thy flight,
Where the pale wretch lies gasping on the wheel;
Torturing or tortured thou mayest learn to feel.

D

Struck

Struck to the heart with sense of deep disgrace,
 The tear of anguish trickling down his face,
 Now to his class the little wretch returns,
 And not to shun the shame, but brave it, learns;
 The blush of modesty forsakes his cheek;
 Proud he insults, or grovels meanly meek:
 Ingenuous shame grows callous impudence,
 Or a blank stupor casts a cloud o'er sense;
 Quite spirit-quenched, quite extinct reason's rays,
 He droops a dunce and dastard all his days.

Where's now the soul, the free-born fire of youth,
 That flames with virtue, falls in love with truth;
 And spite of fashion's all infecting hue
 Dares to the teeth of vice avow it too!
 Spurns at oppression, never sinks oppressed,
 Loves all the good, but values most the best;
 Unravels knavery, tramples on the knave,
 No rich man's parasite, nor proud one's slave!
 * All, all extinguished---See, the timid fool
 Sneaks the same sniveller, that was whipped at school.

Let

** in flore primo tantæ indolis juvenis extinctus est, summa consecutus,
 si virtutes ejus maturuissent, Plin. Lib. 5. Ep. 9.*

Let not thy wisdom, Critick, deem that spite
Or headlong passion urged my pen to write;
This is no outrage of licentious youth;
No secret stab;----it is the voice of truth.
Not but I've felt (and, as a man, must feel
When malice strikes me with an ass's heel)
From blackest rancour such repeated wrong,
Might rouse my arm; not leave it to my tongue:
Tread on a worm, the reptile turns again,
Repents, as far as reptiles can, the pain:
Nature gives powers (be Nature's voice obeyed)
For self defence; then, be those powers displayed!
No!----injured man, to nobler purpose born,
Repents with pity, and requites with scorn.
Nor shall my scorn bestow in this her lay
Life on a wretch, whose being's but a day.

Libel, detraction's darling child, of envy sprung,
Gall in her heart, and venom on her tongue,
Tutored by spleen, by rancour taught to write;
Foul wrong her study, falsehood her delight;

With desperate skill the shaft of censure throws,
 Nor age, nor sex she spares, nor friends nor foes:
 Should youth betray, a slave to noble fires,
 (What justice, while she punishes, admires)
 Some glorious foible, or some brave defect,
 Which candour winks at, and would fain protect;
 To publish these she bends her utmost force,
 And adds distortion as a thing of course.
 But merit most her poisoned arrows seek,
 The blush of innocence on beauty's cheek;
 The hero's honest ardour for a name;
 Athwart his hopes to taint the breath of fame:
 To make the worthy censured, blest accurst;
 And paint the best of actions as the worst;
 These are her lovely triumphs, these her pride,
 Her sneers, and truly devilish smiles betide.

Satire pursues a far more liberal plan,
 Attacks the character, not hurts the man:
 * Pride's lofty look, the oppressive arm of wrong
 Feel, and revere alike her pointed tongue;

* *Elle seule, bravant l'orgueil et l'injustice,
 Va jusqu'en sous le dais faire palir le vice.* Boileau, Sat. 9. 272. **Nor**

Nor faction's slave, nor party's pliant tool;
She lasses folly, while she spares the fool:
A general line her steady pencil draws,
Portraying nature's foes, but not her flaws;
Makes truth her guide, truth-tutored shall her song,
Tho' plain be sweet, tho' unsupported strong;
Thro' criticism's ordeal pass, and free
From that worst curse, the curse of *Pedantry*.

What is this *Pedantry*, whose very name
Sense startles at, and feels it sense of shame?
Whose fatal touch imprints a lasting blot
Where merit is, contempt where it is not:
Marks what is not the Gentleman, brings down
And sinks the scholar lower than the clown.

Thro' all professions the contagion steals;
Time gives such strength no cataplasm heals:
That nostrum's yet unknown, to turn the eye
Of folly on her own deformity;
She reigns, the triumphs in the cloister's gloom;
Shines in the *bon ton* of the drawing room;

Under

Under a thousand shapes delights to range
 The pulpit, bar, stage, hospital, exchange;
 No place so high to be above her power;
 No place so low, but she can sink it lower;
 In the gilt chariot with his *Grace* now fleets;
 Now takes a crutch, and begs along the streets:
 (Yet base, or noble, sense disdains the fool;
 But most disdains the *Pedant* of a school.)

Trace we her steps thro' life's inferior walks:
 What ho, *Apothecary*!---Hark, he talks,
 He acts it too,---in epidemick case
 PHARMACOPŒIA flares you in the face;
 In terms of art, in soft balsamick note
 Pours *Ipecacuanha* down your throat.

With *Law* converse, (who would converse with *Law*
 By choice, or take a lion by the paw)
 Chicanery comes to act his friendly part;
 Smiles on his face, and thievery in his heart:
 A string of deeds, recoveries, and fines,
 In all their elegant arrangement, shines;
 Demurrs

Demurrers, doubts, rejoinders on replies;
Shadows of truth, and substances of lies;
Ejectments, batteries assault your ears;
Plaintiff's high hopes, defendant's idle fears.

Talk with a *Parson*,----straight his reverence prates
Of hell's capacious road, heaven's narrow gates;
Memento mori comes in every breath:
Strange, that *bon-vivants* think so much of death!
Now, with his subject better pleased, he tells
How his glebe answers, how his barley sells:
Yet still the Pedant dictates, every word
Seems rudely echoed from the sounding board.

Trade marks her sons, just as she marks each bale,
Some high, some low; but all are goods of sale;
Gold buys their souls----Bow down, ye vassals, down
Your slavish necks!----a NABOB's come to town.

Talk with a *Captain*----Stop, my random pen!
Soldiers are by profession gentlemen.

What

What are the clergy then? Oh, they, they too, are all fine gentlemen, except a few, a few unpracticed fools, thro' want of grace Who, prying somewhat farther than the face, Value mankind thro' a strange want of sense More for their parts and merit than their pence: A striking instance now and then we see; There's ATTICUS, BENEFICUS, and HE Sams double, that holds BENEFICUS's place With such peculiar dignity and grace.

'Tis not the badge of office, farce of dress Can give us worth, conceal our emptiness: Raise talents high, they dignify their place: Push dunces forward, they provoke disgrace: Parts of high note ne'er fail to catch the eye, Burst through the dark veil of obscurity; While in his converse, gait, and taste are seen The scavenger's address, the bargeman's mien.

As atoms play in fortune's giddy dance,
Blest with her smiles let *Pedantry* advance;

Unpolished

Unpolished manners take the sacred gown;

'Tis but to form a more distinguished clown:

In gospel-purity let malice lave;

'Tis but to form a more distinguished knave:

For nature's hand spite of our parent's plan

Will stamp the mind; * the mind will stamp the man,

Talk with the *fair*---with ease the fair sex talk,

With ease they write, with elegance they walk,

And act with elegance---Oh, born to please!

Stern *Pedantry* unknown, a liberal ease

Waits on your steps; fair science, much more kind

To You, leaves no rude shackles on the mind.

His matchless hand swayed by caprice and spleen,

It's true, we read a too censorious + Dean

Brands them for Pedants, when their converse throws

Such consequence on fans and furbelows:

Candour deems otherwise, convinced that some

Are merit's favourite children, she is dumb;

Yes,

E.

* *Mens cuiusque is est quique.* Cic.
+ See Swift. Vol 7. 181.

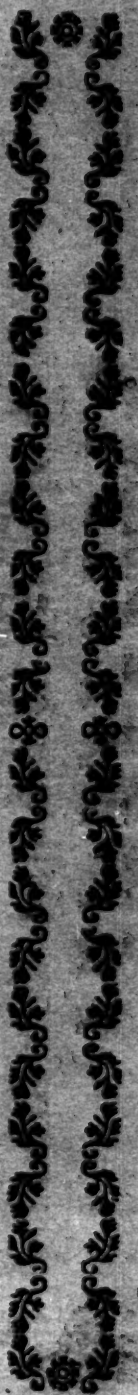
Yes, there are some, well worthy better lays,
Above SWIFT'S censure, far above *my* praise.

Perish the pen, and blistered be the tongue,
On which aspersion of the fair is hung !
Too much they smart from each false witty friend,
Who stabs that softness, honour bids defend.

Blest, might I consecrate, to candour true,
One manly lay to female merit due ;

No more should fell detraction pour her spleen
To ruffle modesty's engaging mien ;
To force the tear from beauty's pensive eye,
And blast the virgin-rose with calumny :
No longer should, on slander's blackest plan,

Essays on woman fling disgrace on man.



P A R T II.

T H E

P R E C E P T O R.

Εὐδαιμονία δ' ἡμῶν οὗτος ὁ ἀνὴρ, εἰ βουλοίμεθα μὴ καλολιγυρεῖν, ὡς καὶ ἄλλοι τις παρὰ
τα εἰρημένα ὁδὸς ἐπὶ τὰ ψυχρὰ τείνει. Longinus. l. 13. 84:

*
B A S E I S T H A T P L E A S U R E , W H I C H A L I T T L E M I N D
C A N I N M A L I G N I N G O T H E R S F O R T U N E S F I N D :

Sooner, if any demon hath in store
One plague surpassing all, I have felt before,
May it fall on me,---may each quickened sense,
Too prone before to feel, smart more intense !
May all my hopes in blank disaster end !
May treachery wound me in my bosom-friend;
Basely, beneath that sacred title hid,
Brand my good name with crimes, I never did !

* See Lloyd's Curatio.

May wanton pride repeated insults cast,
And each fresh stroke sink deeper than the last!
Sooner may that best passion of my mind,
A love unbounded towards all mankind,
Die in my bosom;----sooner let me be
To the whole world what pride hath been to me,
Uninjured, unprovoked to meditate
And hourly act inexorable hate!

Yes, may I sooner (if continual woe
Hath power to bend my stubborn neck so low)
From PEDAGOGUES, and all their hateful breed
Beg daily bread, compelled by daily need!
From such vile hands the niggard morsel crave,
And lick those feet, that spurn each begging slave!
Sooner may all these ills be mine, and worse,
If hell itself can frame one deeper curse,
Than I calumniate, where I ought to praise,
And blaspheming others seek myself to raise;
Or an unmannered license teach my tongue,
Where Virtue hath her heavenly ensigns hung!

THE PRECEPTOR.

29

Mean as I am, O Virtue, I am thine ;
To thee, the counsels of my heart incline ;
Thou knowest (and may the universal eye,
That reads all hearts, requite me if I lie !)
When from thy blessed haunts, celestial maid,
My wayward foot irreverently strayed ;
When obstinately deaf to thy sweet voice,
The flowery path of vice became my choice ;
Disgusted soon, I felt thy sacred power,
And back returned to taste the tranquil hour :
When (blinded most) invaluable day
With pleasure's jolly sons I laughed away ;
If, borne aloft on fancy's wings, my theme
Touched on by chance BENEFICUS's name ;
Awed was my heart, and checked my flippan't tongue ;
For conscience more than whispered----*Thou art wrong.*

I reverence the man, whose liberal soul
Endears obedience, not exacts controul ;
Oppression's foe, whose gentle manners blend
The faithful tutor, and the indulgent friend ;

Rich.

Rich with the spoils of time, truth's hallowed page
His precepts open to the rising age;
Divine INSTRUCTION dwells upon his tongue;
Lo, where the youth around him circling throng,
In fixed awe, in deep attention lost;
The happiest he, who gains his notice most!
With JULIUS now, or PHILIP's frantick son
O'er half the globe a maddening race they run;
Yet scorn the tyrant 'mid his splendid state,
And learn that mercy makes the conqueror great:
Now, touched with zeal, religion's glowing ray
Bears their young minds to realms of living day;
Where, at the feet of one all hallowed name,
They lowly fall, and catch the sacred flame.

I reverence him, who, graceful at the helm,
Sees storms arise, forbids them to overwhelm;
Pilots with steady hand the bark of youth
O'er learning's sea to the fair port of truth;
From truth to virtue, virtue to content;
A voyage yielding more than cent *per cent*:

Whose eye attends, as changeful passion veers,

‡ Nature, the cynosure, by which he steers.

I reverence the man, by free choice led,

Who to this galling yoke submits his head;

Who, for he loves his country, and her youth,

Aspires to train to honesty and truth;

To cultivate with care the youthful breast

Gives up his future health, and present rest;

Greatly gives up his liberty to see,

And form the rising generation free,

Oh, 'tis a glorious sacrifice; and praise

From every tongue his honoured name should raise!

But for the herd of *Pedagogues*,---I know

Not any such pernicious weeds that grow;

Like other weeds too, they aspire to curb

The kindly progress of each better herb.

A various task the true PRECEPTOR knows,

To rouse the slow, the headstrong to oppose,

The:

† *Diligentissime hoc est eis, qui institunt Adolescentes, atque erudiant, videndum, quo sua quemque Natura maxime ferre videatur.* Cic, de Orat, lib. 3. 10.

The meek to animate, controul the rude,
Disgrace the vicious, dignify the good;

* To mark the manners of each circling age;

To bend not break their minds; their little rage

And humours hit; their passions how to stir;

† When to exert the rein, when use the spur;

For different minds a different treatment ask;

But son and sire to please too hard's the task.

A *Russick* comes----“ I bring you, Sir, my boy;

“ His mother's darling, and his father's joy :

“ Keen as a hawk---For heaven's sake don't be rough!

“ So meek his temper that a word's enough :

A week scarce gone, we find the suckling fool

Pa's own sweet babe, as docile as--a mule.

O'erlook his faults---You spoil this hopeful son;

Correct him, and you are yourself undone:

Son, sire and spouse in clamorous concert cry,

And spread abroad your monstrous cruelty.

Tho'

* *Ætatis cuiusque notandi sunt tibi mores,*
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, et annis. Hor. ad Pison. v. 156.

† *Calcaribus in Ephoro, contra autem in Theopompo frenis uti solentur.* Cic. ab Mloc.

Tho' great, yet not unpleasing is the toil,
When culture benefits the grateful soil.

In early youth when nature sways the mind,
The hand directing, as the heart's inclined,
Those strong outlines discernment oft may trace,
That challenge glory, or insure disgrace.

In striking character at school we read,
Whether to vice the ruling passion lead,
Or if to virtue's nobler walk it bend,
The smooth betrayer, or the faithful friend;
The knave that flatters, and the flattered fool;
* Slaves prone to serve, and tyrants proud to rule;
The brutal heart, which clad in complete steel,
Hath never felt, and but for self shall feel;
The soul divine, that melts at others woe,
And bravely suffers with a suffering foe;
The dastard spirit, which fancied fears congeal,
And he that trembles but for Britain's weal.

F

These

* ——— *prædictis hic iras decurrit ad acri;*
Ille metu citius temetur; Lucetius de Rer. Nat. L. 3. 308.

* Learning may polish, and enlarge the mind;
 Yet still the seeds of nature leaves behind;
 These take fast root;----'tis education's art
 To pour soft precept on the peccant part;

Here, all those worthies that our land can boast,
 And all those villains, that molest it most,
 (While undisguised by art's deceitful mien
 The genuine colour of the soul) are seen:
 The future sharper here betrays that guile
 In miniature, which future heirs shall spoil:
 To all that's worth a wish for ever dead,
 Avarice, which hungers more, the more it's fed,
 Life's last worst vice, in youth is sometimes found,
 Saving in precious pence the paltry pound:
 Here, calumny first strikes its deadly root;
 And, while a sapling, bears a poisonous fruit:
 Here too, the youth, whose noble heart grows warm
 In honour's lovely cause, first takes the alarm:
 Here WOLF his patriot-blood first bravely shed;
 Here CORNEWALL fought, while BYNG ignobly fled;

Here

* *quamvis Doctrina polios
 Constat pariter quosdam, tamen illa relinquit,
 Naturæ quousque animæ vestigia prima.* Lucretius, Lib. 3. 312.

Here inspiration's ray our MILTON caught;
 And NEWTON made his first essay in thought;
 Here SHAKESPEARE's matchless genius first confess'd
 The God of nature glowing in his breast:
 Here all the great and good, whom prose or rhyme
 Preserves uninjured from the tooth of time,
 First felt an impulse of that sacred flame,
 Which virtue kindles, and which ends in fame.

Yet oft we find the skilful Tutor can
 Stamp on youth's pliant wax the future man;
 Can give a bias to the mind's best powers,
 And draw forth sweetness from the opening flowers:
 Cautious, he strives with even course to steer,
 Nor weakly kind, nor brutally severe;
 Rather through mercy errs, in doubt to know
 Whether correction needful be, or no.
 Language, more urgent, than the voice of rule
 E'er spoke, must rouse from nature's sleep, and school
 Dulness to action; lads, whom fancy loves,
 Each generous incentive better moves.

No common parts it asks, no vulgar eye
 To penetrate thro' nature's mystery,
 Discern the rude gem buried in the mine,
 Bring it to light, and teach it how to shine;
 When genius first its envied worth displays,
 On the young plant to pour the dew of praise;
 * With tender hand to rear the infant taste,
 Support its weakness, ere it run to waste,
 To lop the rampant shoot, which strong and rude
 Warps it from all that's beautiful and good;
 To touch the mind with emulation's flame,
 With ridicule, or keener sense of shame,
 Avails beyond the fiery fierce command
 Of discipline, but asks a master's hand.

Oh, never if your hearts are prone to rage,
 Ye sons of labour, in the task engage!
 Think what remorse will follow, think what shame,
 If your rash hand their tender limbs should maim;
 What just reproach will give your names to scorn,
 If an eye suffer, or an ear be torn.

Anger

* Par l'industrie et les talens le goût se forme; par le goût l'esprit s'ouvre insensiblement aux idées du beau dans tous les genres, et enfin aux notions morales qui s'y rapportent.
 Rousseau Em. tom. 2. l. 5, 35.

Anger assumed sometimes not ill avails,
To strike a terror, where instruction fails;
Yet reason still should rule, that spark divine
Should thro' the counterfeited frenzy shine;
Your pupil, be assured, however young,
Has quick discernment between right and wrong;
Feels each unjust rebuke, with injured sense
His heavy punishment, his light offence;
Quick to observe, tho' timid to reply,
Watches each glance of thy too partial eye;
With honest envy full, past tear or tongue,
In sullen silence meditates his wrong:
This is no time for wrath, think not control
Will bend the noble firmness of his soul;
One word, one gracious look will sooner move
His hand to duty, and his heart to love.

But if he stray, thro' frailty blindly stray,
And brave sincerity the fault betray;
If sudden terror shake his little frame;
If frank confession speak keen sense of shame;

If on his cheek the blooming roses die,
 And the big tear start trembling on his eye;
 Then to your bosom clasp the generous boy,
 And bid his honest heart exult with joy;
 Indulgent kindness often might reclaim
 The wretch, who dreads nor punishment nor shame.
 Monstrous and most unnatural is that breast,
 Which, void of feeling, hardens when caressed!

Among mankind, (dishonour to the race!)
 Deaf to the biting language of disgrace,
 Deaf to soft pity's voice, such hearts we find,
 Scarce to be matched among the brutal kind;
 But in life's spring are found no hearts of steel,
 Which devilish habit hath denied to feel;
 In that soft season, ever prone to love,
 Each touch of tenderness hath power to move;
 On this sure base authority may rise;
 The heart will grant you, what the head denies:
 Where sweet affection rules, the talk grows light,
 To serve is pleasure, to obey, delight.

Great

Great is the effect, when, what the Tutor's voice
Kindly enjoins, becomes the pupil's choice ;
But when austerity usurps control,
Her hateful shackles gail the very soul :
Virtue's engaging voice no longer charms,
No more with noble emulation warms ;
Her lovely countenance no more allures,
No more our future happiness infuses :
The wounded mind shrinks under present pain,
To vice she flies, and folly's flattering reign.

Is there on earth a wretch, so very base,
So much a scandal to the human race,
Whose heart would leap if injured worth should bleed,
Whose eye with rapture on the wound would feed ;
Well pleased would see oppression walk the land
With ignorance and insult hand in hand ;
See modest genius shouldered from the wall,
Trampled by pride, that aims to trample all ;
Would bend down conscious merit's rising crest
Beneath an iron yoke, would cramp the best,

The worst alone reward, and chiefly those
Who held his tenets—*Merrit to oppose.*

Is there a wretch, so hateful to the name
Of manhood, who could plan so black a scheme;
Let such, and such alone employment find
To discipline for gold the youthful mind
Then abject dulness shall aspire to rise
By basest fraud, hypocrisy and lies;
Fettered himself, spurn freedom's glorious cause,
Mock at his country's welfare, break her laws,
Bow down religion's venerable head,
And set up mammon's idols in her stead.

All hail, my BROTHER-COLLEAGUES, may the church
Meet you with open arms, may scepter'd birch
Sprout into crofters, may they gently lead
More gentle flocks than now they doom to bleed;
May mitres grace your brows, nor deem that I
Partially rate your modest worth too high;
Mean as I am, a mitre I opine
Would not ungracefully encircle mine.

Let

Let us pray then—Ah me!—Vain every word;

They pass, like other pious prayers, unheard,
Which for themselves the clergy sing or say,
Nor to preferment shall they win their way:
Preferment is not thus attained, these days
That sanctify another kind of praise,
Than what my honoured COLLEAGUES boast, demand
Far different service from a parson's hand.

Would you become MÆNAS' bosom friend,
Down to his will your stubborn virtue bend;
Smile when he smiles, approve what he approves,
Hate all he hates, and love but those he loves:
Trim falsehood's tongue with flattery's fragrant oil,
So shall your tithe-barns swell, your pots shall boil.
Hath nature, sparing all that's dear to sense,
Disgraced his form with some foul excrescence;
Hath habit's hurtful hand, still more unkind,
With some more hideous blemish marked his mind;
Born, and bred up in folly's sacred school,
Of all her sons the most accomplished fool,

G

Admire

Admire his wisdom, praise his beauteous form,

* And find in each defect some hidden charm:

Oh, 'tis a master-stroke of art, to make

Fools laud themselves for their own follies sake!

Is he attached to some foul favourite sin,

(Folly and vice are ever near akin)

Honour struck dumb, applaud his base desires,

And consecrate his most unhallowed fires:

A comely sister, or convenient wife

Might give a man a pretty lift for life.

To speak such language, foreign to your hearts,

Foreign to truth, these arts, these thriving arts,

Alas, good Men, your honest souls despise!

Ye cannot cringe, and must not hope to rise.

Hail then, my FELLOW-LABOURERS, may our soil

Yield ten-fold crops to less than ten-fold toil!

May no rude bramble violate the hand,

That kindly roots it from the cultured land!

Absent.

THE PRECEPTOR.

43

Absent be every weed!---each herb of grace
Spring up with comely pride, and take its place!

For me, long used to *Madam* fortune's wiles,
Her lasting frowns, her momentary smiles;
Too rough to flatter, and too proud to bend,
That every gilded *Thing* may be my friend;
May favours deal, for pity or pride's sake,
Which I should scorn to ask, and blush to take:
Who never could that useful trick display,
Speak to deceive, and listen to betray:
Who had much rather earn my daily bread
By daily toil, than slavishly be fed
In base dependance;----whose soul better brooks
Need's callous hand than pride's contemptuous looks;
Who for a friend, as for myself, feel wrong
In unaccustomed venom steep my tongue;
And should proclaim (tho' father prudence come
And timidly advise me to be dumb)
To foul oppression's face an injury;
And tho' a monarch did it,-----*Thou art he.*

Thus all unfit to thrive, by chance or love
 Fixed to a life, I fain would learn to love,
 Wrap me not, habit, in that buckram-gown
 The garb of PEDAGOGUES, that sapient frown,
 Dogmatic air, which, oft in others seen,
 Hath raised my * ridicule, and given me spleen.

For me, the meanest of the flogging train,
 Destined for life to drag this galling chain,
 Whom no gay prospect of preferment courts,
 Nor better view of golden showers supports,
 Oh, grant me patience, heaven, of such a kind
 As deadens the keen feelings of the mind,
 (For in a state, where hope itself is vain,
 Ah, what is sensibility but pain!)
 That in the exercise of this our art
 When some dull youngster probes me to the heart,
 If o'er his mind the cruel hand of fate
 Hath thrown a cloud, which time must dissipate,
 I may humanely treat the little elf,
 As if he drew that dulness from myself;

And

* *seruum petus, ut mihi sepe*
Bilem, sepe iocum, vestri mouere tumultus! Hor. Lib. Ep. 19. 20.

And when a spark of genius fires the boy,
Then let me feel a parent's partial joy.

Shall I, whom thousand free-will acts disgrace,
Petition mercy at the throne of grace ;
Yet dare with heavy punishment assault
A wretch, when nature is alone in fault?
Shall I, by pedant-cruelty and pride
From manhood's walk of candour drawn aside,
Scan without mercy all those little slips,
When youth, misled thro' want of judgment, trips ;
Start up, and thrive the THWACKUM of my age?
No !---blot me rather from creation's page ;
My foul abhors it, boasts a nobler aim,
One bright example, and one sacred theme.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T,

Mr. JOHNSON takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his particular Friends for their kind partiality in placing so many young Gentlemen under his care; which trust, it will be his constant study, to deserve by a close attention to their improvement. He begs leave to inform others, that he can still accomodate a larger number; that he gives them private instruction in the Languages, History, Geography, and in the use of the Globes.

He also teaches the young Gentlemen, who board with him, the french Language, and Drawing in all its branches, on the most reasonable terms.



E R R A T A.

friend, P. 11. l. 6. *read* friend.
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Geological Survey of the United States

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